O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts eaſe,
Fidler Why hearts eaſe?
Peter. O Muſitions, becauſe my hart it ſelfe plaies, my hart is full of woe.
O play me ſome merry dumpe to comfort me.
Minſtrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Min. No.
Pet. I will then giue it you ſoundly.
Min. What will you giue vs?
Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minſtrell.
Min. Then will I giue you the ſeruing creature.
Pet. Then wil I ſay the ſeruing creatures dagger on your pate.
I will carrie no Crochets, ile Re you, ile Fa you do you note me?
Min. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you note vs,
2. *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Peter. Then haue at you with my wit.
I will drie-beate you with an yron wit, & put vp my yron dagger.
Anſwere me like men.
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then muſique, with her ſiluer ſound.
Why ſiluer ſound, why muſicke with her ſiluer ſound, waht ſay you Simon Catling?
Min. Mary ſir, becauſe ſiluer hath a ſweet ſound.
Pet. Pratee, what ſay you Hugh Rebick?
2. *M.* I ſay ſiluer ſound, becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſiluer.
Pet. Pratee to, what ſay you Iames ſound poſt?
3. *M.* Faith I know not what to ſay.
Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will ſay for you; it is Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound,
Becauſe Muſitions haue no Gold for ſounding:
Then Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound with ſpeedy helpe doth lend redreſſe.

Exit.

Min.

Min. What a peſtilent knau
M. 2. Hang him Iacke, co
Mourners, and ſtay dinner.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may truſt the flatte
My dreames preſage ſome ioy
My boſomes Lord, ſits lightl
And all this day an vnaccuſto
Lifts me aboue the ground w
I dreampt my Lady came and
Strange dreames that giues a
And breathd ſuch life with ki
That I reuiude and was an Em
Ah me, how ſweet is loue it ſe
When but loues ſhadowes are

Enter Romeos

Newes from *Verona*, how nov
Doſt thou not bring me Lette
How doth my Lady, is my fat
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? tha
For nothing can be ill, if ſhee b
Man. Then ſhe is well, a
Her body ſleepes in *Capels* mon
And her immortall part with A
I ſaw her laid low in her kindr
And preſently tooke poſte to t
O pardon me for bringing the
Since you did leaue it for my o
Ro. Is it euen ſo? then I den
Thou knoweſt my lodging, ge
And hire poſt horſes, I will hen
Man. I doe beſeech you ſir,
Your lookes are pale and wild,
Some miſaduenture.
Ro. Tuſh thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and doe the thing I b